DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

VOLUME LXI | Published Every Thursday at 99 Ft. Washington Ave | NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1932 | Subscription Price, $2 a year. | NUMBER 22

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

"Bouncing Betty's" Grand Trek

By Andy Mack

(Twenty-first Installment)

Illinois, we soon found, was just another corn state with rolling prairies of fertile soil. Having crossed Iowa we were now heading for Chicago. From Rochelle, Illinois, we passed through De Kalb. The Illinois highway was a good road, with fast and heavy traffic utilizing it. After sunset we continued to go on, although our lights were weak and we had to proceed at a decent pace. We managed to crawl along from De Kalb to a small place called Maple Park, Illinois, where we decided to stop for the night, before our battery was completely exhausted.

In the early morning we were up, and since it was too wet to try to light a fire, started on the day's trip toward Chicago and, outside of Geneva, stopped to prepare breakfast. The day before we had taken some Iowa feed corn with us to cook and eat. This morning we stopped on the side of the road and hunted for some dry fuel with little success.

However, our fire was started and the corn proved to be tough as a rock to cook. It made fairly good eating if you were hungry enough, however. As we were preparing breakfast, a Geneva city policeman, riding in a cruiser car, stopped as he went by and with a smile asked if breakfast was ready. Unfortunately we were having much trouble with the fire made of damp wood and told him so, but the hungry policeman only smiled and departed.

At the same time we discovered that all of our fruit cake, which my sister had presented to us, was unfit for eating. Fruit cake, some varieties, will keep a long time, but ours had been in many climates and had failed to weather them all. Alas! we were hungry and reluctant to discard all of it, but were forced to do so. Likewise with the California bread, it was green and moldy. The eggs and oranges were in good condition, but the latter were beginning to dry up and shrink in size.

Now we were in no hurry to arrive in Chicago, twenty miles away, because it was still early in the morning and Sunday. As far back as Dallas, Texas, some skeptical people had warned us not to go to Chicago. About this time newspapers played up the fact of Chicago's toughness and the numerous gangsters slain daily. Persons who meant well for our personal safety were inclined to think that Chicago was the capital of all lawlessness and tried to dissuade us from passing through there.

Passing Wheaten high school served to refresh our memory that Harold "Red" Grange, one of the widely advertised football players of the last few years, went to school here.

A few miles beyond we passed a fine cemetery with a high granite wall and fancy iron gates, with an imposing driveway. Well knowing that we might not find such a choice spot near the city, we stopped to change our tramp attire for our suits and clean linen. At least we were more presentable now, but hoped that "Bouncing Betty" would not give us any trouble that would make us get dirty again. Usually it was impossible to drive that car attired with good clothes, because she always required some adjustment.

Chicago was entered by the way of Jackson Boulevard, a wide and heavily traveled throughfare. Near the vicinity of Columbus Park we stopped at a service station to secure more accurate information about city streets. We were hunting for the abode of Chicago's mighty mite, James Frederick Meagher, who lives out on Eastwood Avenue. Chicago streets proved to be just as bad as in any other city we had traveled. Turning up Crawford Avenue we continued on it until we reached the intersection of Lawrence Avenue. A few blocks more and before a fine flat we came to a halt.

We rang the door bell and waited a few minutes until a dapper gentleman of small stature with piercing eyes hidden behind a pair of glasses and dark mustaches came down the stairs to answer us. What happened after that none of us can agree, yet it is certain that we introduced ourselves.

Meagher was our host while we remained in Chicago. He had written, inviting us to stop there, but the letter never reached us. In the Meagher home will be found all the equipment necessary to keep a man busy, with a typewriter, paper and stamps. In short order we found that this little man, who had never been to Gallaudet, knew more about Gallaudet students, and graduates than people who had been on Kendall Green.

All morning was spent chatting and having a good time. After lunch, which Jimmy prepared himself, since Mrs. Meagher was not home, he proposed showing us the sights downtown. Sir James was properly attired in black outer garments, a derby hat, twisted mustache and an immense black cigar that made him look like a real gangster. He sat with us in the front seat, but being so small hardly cramped us.

We went down Lawrence Avenue amid the dense traffic and stopped half a block from the Pas-a-Pas Club, which Meagher undertook to explain was the oldest club exclusively for the deaf in America. When we went back to "Bouncing Betty" we found her very hard to steer. By the time we had proceeded a few blocks on Michigan Boulevard my left arm was almost torn off from the hard steering. Glancing at the right tire we found it was flat.

Meagher was perplexed, so were we, because we had good clothes on and had no jack. Turning up a side street we stopped in front of a fine apartment house, and with Meagher looking on Bill assumed the role of a jack, lifting the front of the car and in a few minutes the job was completed. Meanwhile Meagher was astonished at our procedure in changing tires.

Back on Michigan Boulevard, one of the widest boulevards we have ever traveled on, with its six lanes of traffic all going forty miles an hour or better, we found that all cars were late models, shining and clean. Ours was the only old Ford we saw. Other better cars were constantly passing us at a fast clip and everyone was laughing at us.

Such a rattling old car like ours in comparison with the beautiful late models as well as the startling appearance of Meagher, Bill and I, were enough to attract much more attention than we had expected. Either the motorists were laughing at us or with us, we never learned which. The speed was so fast and stops so sudden that we did not dare try to keep pace with the other cars for fear our brakes would not stop the car speedily enough.

Lincoln Park and Grant Park, in their green dress and vast number of pleasure seekers along with the spouting fountain, attracted our attention. In the downtown business district we stopped at the Chicago Automobie Club to secure information as to the best route eastward to Berlin, Pennsylvania. In Los Angeles the auto club supplies visiting motorists maps and information free.

In Chicago the clerk took out a map and drew lines and gave explanations without much satisfaction and then attempted to collect a dollar for his fee. "Nothing doing," we said, "We want information, not a lawyer's advice." We left the Auto Club and the gaping clerk, and went along North Wells Street to the office of the N. S. F. D. Being Sunday it was closed and we lost the chance of meeting Mr. Arthur L. Roberts.

"Well," said Mr. Meagher, "How would you like to meet a couple of prospective college buddies, a boy and a girl?"

Down past Soldiers Field where football and an occasional prize fight takes place, over some rough bumps and car tracks to the Chicago Home for the Aged Deaf, in the colored section. The girl in question, Miss Catherine Hyman, Gallaudet, '35, was not at home. Her mother and father were very courteous to us and we were shown all over the building.

On the visitors' register we found the names of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Hughes, who live on Kendall Green. We had supper there, with Meagher providing most of the witty sayings and jokes. A telephone call brought the information that George "Whale" Walnoha, Gallaudet, '36, was playing baseball with some of the boys out near 100th Street, with chances that the game would be over before we could get there.

Long after dark we departed, Meagher giving us the key to his house and told us to get a good rest and make ourselves at home. Since it was nearly time to go to work, we dropped Meagher a few blocks from the *Herald-Examiner* building while we proceeded on the way to his home. Chicago after dusk is a mass of brilliant lights, flashing their colorful display to all who care to look at them.

By the time we arrived back at the Meagher household we were tired, sweating but happy Well, for a nice shower and some fresh linen. Bill was in his shower and I was making myself at home when Mrs. Meagher made her appearance. Isn't it alarming for anyone to meet a perfect stranger in the house and only half dressed.

Late that night we went to sleep, after being well aware that our trip was turning out to be more and more full of adventures.

Early in the morning we were up as usual and trying to decide our course of procedure. We had a fine breakfast, and about nine o'clock Meagher tried to persuade us to remain a few days. In comparison with our college dormitory rooms, the "private office" of Mr. Meagher is loaded down with much more junk, mainly literature and clippings. Meagher very courteously supplied us with several names and addresses of friends whom we could stop to see in various cities enroute East

Down Michigan Boulevard again and while trying to see the scenery I drove on the wrong "one-way" steet. A policeman halted us and after admonishing us to obey the signs, laughed at the appearance of "Bouncing Betty."

Down Lake Shore Drive we headed in the direction of Cary, Indiana. Southeast Chicago seemed to have more torn up roads than other large towns we had entered so far. The condition of the streets were terrible. Our only consolation was that gasoline was cheap.

East Chicago and all its manufacturing atmosphere with Lake Michigan on our left made an impression upon us. At last the iron and steel foundries of Gary, Ind., came into view. Vast clouds of smoke were pouring from the immense and numerous smokestacks scattered all over the vinicity. The day was warm, but a slight breeze from the lake helped to make us cool.

By the time we were abreast of Tremont, Indiana, we were well aware of the famous sand dunes of the state. Huge mountains of white sand that shift so slowly that you cannot see them move, yet do move. A state park, the Indiana Dunes State Park, is located here.

At Michigan City the chamber of commerce provided us with detailed information of the best roads to follow. We started out on U. S. highway 20 and at midafternoon arrived in South Bend, home of the Studebaker people. A few miles outside of South Bend, on a splendid road, looms the University of Notre Dame. The new football stadium was open for inspection and we visited the campus too. Inside a green fenced enclosure were several hundred young men already practicing the fall sport, but the large sign "no admittance" did not prevent us looking through the gate.

Elkhart, Indiana, was quickly reached and we kept on going without any mishap. Indiana's flat and slightly rolling highway was entirely to our liking, except for the numerous small towns and rather narrow roads. Too many crossroads might be the chief fault found with that country.

Before dusk we were once more in Ohio, but detours prevented us from making good time. Our gasoline supply grew low, and when we were once more on the main road at Fayette, Ohio, it was dark and we were ready for a night of repose. Our gasoline mileage was only twenty-one miles per gallon.

After a warm breakfast we were off the next morning for Fremont, Ohio. Instead of passing into the city of Toledo, we followed U. S. Highway 20 down to Maumee beyond Fort Miami, which is not far from the place where the Indians and Colonials fought the battle of Fallen Timbers more than a hundred years ago.

Fremont, Ohio, is the home of Irvin Reinbolt, Gallaudet ex-'34. We found the lad's home and his mother, but Irvin himself was still working in a hotel at Saratoga Springs, New York.

A road with a fair amount of traffic led past Wakeman, where connections were made with State Road 60 which follows the Vermilion River to the town of that name, near the shores of Lake Erie.

At Lorain, Ohio, we started off to hunt for Simon Katz, Gallaudet, '32, Bill's classmate. At Katz's home we learned he was working in a factory a few miles away. His young brother led us to the right place and as we halted, "Bouncing Betty" gave a gasp and a sputter and died. For the next five minutes she completely refused to run. After tinkering with the timer she finally was coaxed to run again.

The factory was engaged in making a Christmas order for about 100,000 steel toy telephones. Huge stamping machines were cutting and pressing the sheet metal into the right shape at a rapid rate. Lorain is in the iron and steel manufacturing belt and, with the depression on the move, labor was already becoming drug on the market even at that time. Katz was surprised to see us in the old car which the college boy had proudly predicted would go fifty miles and then fall apart.

From Lorain we took State Road 67, through Elyria to Medina, where we made connections with State Road 18, leading to Akron, Ohio.

By the time we arrived in Akron the clouds were promising rain, although we hoped it would not rain. From Katz we had learned that the gigantic Zeppelin of the United States Navy, the Akron, was open for public inspection.

At a service station we inquired for the way to the Akron and after thinking more than once we were being led on a fruitless hunt, since the Goodyear Dock is a few miles outside of town, we saw the hangar from the summit of a hill. The vast area of land was traversed by a good hard road with thousands of motorists all endeavoring to arrive at the terminus to see the big ship of the air.

Finally we did park a scant hundred yards from the hangar, but we promptly returned to "Bouncing Betty" when we saw signs "no cameras allowed," and Bill was a camera enthusiast throughout the trip. In the airport were hundreds of people like ourselves, amateurs in that they only knew that they were seeing a Zeppelin and did not know the difference between helium and oxygen gas. One little youngster said to his mother, for I took the matronly woman beside him for his mother, "Will that thing eat me."

From the airport we went back to Goodyear Heights, where we located the Andrewjeski home. Frank Andrewjeski graduated from Gallaudet in 1916 and is working for the Goodyear people in Akron. Unfortunately the whole family was not home. However, Meagher in Chicago had given us the name of Iva Robinson, Gallaudet, '11, but the family had moved into a new house. The last on our list was the Dobsons. We had heard that Chester, Gallaudet, '31, was living with his older brother.

Just as rain was on the verge of falling we found his home and who should answer the door but Chester himself. It may not be fair to the young man, but when he came to the door he was wearing a housemaid's apron and seemed to be busily engaged in preparing a meal. No wonder he used to say he would remain a bachelor. Great was his surprise to hear we had gone to California and back again in the rattling car he used to laugh so much at when he saw us laboring over it on Kendall Green. We were introduced to his brother, and from him learned the right address of the Robinsons. As rain started to fall we departed and in ten minutes were throwing dirt in the garden with Mrs. Robinson, whom we caught in the act of planting some vegetables. Former Kendall Greeners may well remember Flossie Hoisington, '17, of South Dakota, the girl with the big smile and a happy word for everyone. In a moment rain started to fall and we fled into the house. During the evening we had a long discussion about old times on Kendall Green. Unfortunately Mr. Robinson was not home, since he worked nights.

Thunder flashes lighted the sky and the rain fell heavily. There was nothing for us to do but to wait until it stopped. Until a late hour we were forced ot forget the rain and bring our memories back to Kendall Green. Despite the invitation of Mrs. Robinson to remain over night, we deemed it best to add a few more miles, as the rain stopped and clock pointed toward ten.

"Bouncing Betty" was wet, her battery weak, so that her lights were not very strong. From Akron we went down State Road 10 at a slow speed. The sky was very dark and we did not know the road, so we had to proceed cautiously.

Fifteen miles from Akron, a short distance from a small hamlet named Edinburg, we saw a nice green field with a water ditch covered by a large plank platform, just the thing upon which to put the car. The sky wasn't yet clear and a promise of more rain appeared likely.

Two o'clock in the morning drops of rain fell upon my face and in an instant both of us boys were scrambling into our clothes and putting things back on "Bouncing Betty."

We had come eastward and parked on the right-hand side of the road. By some unexplainable reason, never yet solved. I pointed the car back in the direction we had come. As I came out of the field I saw fully a quarter mile away, the lights of an approaching vehicle. Our lights were on, but our motor was still cold and slow to pick up speed.

Just as we reached the extreme right of the road something happened. We were swung completely around, the radiator pointing in the opposite direction to that which we had been heading and we were down on the side of the road in a foot of mud. The motor still ran, we saw the other car, a late model, Ford near us. It must have been going at a high speed, and just why it had been unable to see our lights and pass us was never explained.

The time was exactly 3 A. M. We surveyed our damage first of all and did not find much. One front tire had been knocked off the wheel by the force of the impact, the rear of the car was pushed in and now had a big dish-like appearance and the left running board and fender had been compressed. The other party we found consisted of two men and two women, the oldest man and the most boisterous attempted to blame us for his troubles, cursed us and demanded many things. That he was intoxicated we had no doubt, because his breath reeked like the smell of denatured alcohol we use in cleaning type.

He swaggered and had a threatening attitude, with fists drawn up looking for trouble. By the time we were ready to talk another car had stopped on the road to see what the trouble was. The other car had suffered no material damage except a bent bumper and to the feelings of the occupants. The other party, from Ohio, demanded that we follow them into town to the police station. We were reluctant to do this since the town in questions seemed to be in the opposite direction to where we were going.

At length we agreed to do so, and a large truck kindly consented to pull us out of the mud. We had no spare tire, the extra tired in the rear having been put there to act as bumpers and shock absorbers and a good job they had done this time. We had to go the few miles to Edinburg on our rim.

In Edinburg we sadly discovered that that was the town we had passed through late the night before. Every place was closed and dawn was an hour or two away. Our tail light had been broken by the impact of the collision, so we had lashed a flashlight in its place. With the aid of the flashlight we attemped to mend the tire. The tube, a practically new one, was beyond repair, having cuts half a foot long.

While fixing our tire we waited for the other car, but it never showed up. We had had a thought that they were only trying to make themselves officious, while in reality they were planning to get out of the trouble, since there was physical damage and but little material damage, the latter mostly to our car.

Unfortunately we did not possess the license number of the car. When we asked for their names and addresses and they had refused to give them to us, we retaliated by refusing to divulge ours. We have never heard from them since, despite all of their threats about the law, the blame and the payment of damages.

Passing through Alliance, Ohio, on State Road 14, we proceeded to Salem and tc East Palestine, Ohio, and then crossed the state line into Pennsylvania onto State Road 51.

Rain threatened again and our weak inner tubes failed miserably to withstand the strain, going flat at various times. The ignition was giving us more trouble too, in going over the grades that follow near the Ohio River going toward Pittsburgh. A very beautiful country, with blue sky and green trees hanging from the hillsides, extends as far as the eye can reach. Once while slowly going up a steep grade and admiring the beautiful scenery, a tire went flat. The foot brake could hardly hold the car from rolling backwards until some rocks were wedged under the wheels.

By the time we limped into the small village of Carnot, Pennsylvania, we were eager to pay any price for a good tube and for finding the trouble with the ignition. At the garage we found that the mechanic was out on a rush call, but the "village wiseacres" were keeping warm around the work bench, making sage predictions about the election next year. When the mechanic did arrive, he found that I had put the timer wires on wrong and one of them was being grounded to the shell of the timer—the cause of the misfiring.

As for tubes we could find none, and neither could we find the hole in ours, a water test proving futile, yet the tire went flat every few miles. Thanking the mechanic and promising to let him know of the end our our trip we departed for McKees Rocks. Later in the fall, and at Christmastime we did write to the mechanic.

At McKees we bought a tube from the Dunlop store and were wondering where Mr. McKees' rocks were located anyway, because all we could see was a cliff on one side and the Ohio River on the other side, and the highway in between the two.

As we arrived in Pittsburgh a terrific rainstorm made driving almost impossible. While one of us drove, the other was kept busy operating the hand windshield wiper. Traffic was heavy and the road very slippery, and we had no skid chains

Pittsburgh, with its huge steel factories and foundries, did not appeal to us. We had no time to give it a thorough look over, because of the weather. We crossed the river on the new bridge, one of the finest bridges in the world today. What elated us was that there was no toll charged to cross it.

At a Standard service station we filled the tank with gasoline and then went through Wilkinsburg, passing in front of the famous institutions of higher learning, Carnegie Tech and the University of Pittsburgh.

Hills you might call them, or the "Alps" if you wish, for Pennsylvania has all kinds of them. Out of Wilkinsburg you must climb a long hill on U. S. highway 30 to get out of the valley up to the summit again. With a good start "Bouncing Betty" was very good on hills, but this time some woman driver, not knowing how to shift gears on hilly climbs, held down the center of the road, and finally stopped altogether, holding up all the traffic, while she looked furtively around for help. We were perfectly willing to stop to render aid, but we had our own troubles in hill climbing, but despite this we did slow, and then changed our mind—but we got stuck just the same. Our momentum was lost and we had to finish the climb partially in low gear.

A hard road with many hills runs from Pittsburgh to Greensburg. We arrived at Greensburg in the rain and we purchased a new bulb for taillight for a dime.

From Greensburg to Jennerstown is only 31 miles but the bad hills and slippery road prevented good time. About mid-way between the two towns is the worst hill of all, a long three-mile climb. There was no way to get around this last hill so we had to do the best we could and stop at very station to refill the radiator or to let the water cool off. Even this halting for water did not dim "Bouncing Betty's" achievement.

Many better cars were forced to proceed at a snail's pace, puffing and snorting much more than ours. Once we had reached the summit we again thought of the wonderful things that product of Henry Ford had done for us. We felt no little pride in her and even went so far as to think that with a coat of paint she ought to bring us back our original price of $35 when we would arrive in Washington We were very optimistic and "Bouncing Betty" seemed to live up to our hopes.

From Jennerstown we turned up to Somerset and eleven miles more of steep but short hills on a dirt road brought us to Berlin, a small village of only 1,200 souls, but boasting the possession of the highest elevation in Pennsylvania. After having driven all day in a rainstorm we found this quiet town was very dry, not a drop of rain had fallen during the day. Our brakes were loose, or rather they were worn from the constant use on the long hills and in towns with main streets and stop lights on steep inclines.

Very happy indeed, were we to stop at a mutual friend of Bill after such a long grind. We had stopped near the banks of the Ohio River near Beaver Falls to pick up some apples which the stiff wind had blown off the trees lining the road. We now presented the apples to one of the girls of the house to make apple pie out of them. After peeling a few and tasting them, the girls merely laughed and said it would be a waste be sugar to try to sweeten the fruit. However the cookie jar in the pantry, full of grandmother's favorite home-made sugar cookies, was nearly empty before the first apple had been cooked. Bill was having a good time and enjoying his stay immensely.

Now we found that our battery was completely dead, there being not enough energy left in it to start the car, even by cranking it, and Ford magnetos are not very reliable as starting agents. Naturally, it being already dark, we had to stay for the night.

The following day we decided that it was high time to change transmission bands and put in new lining. Everything went well until we tried to put the last band in place—and a little bit of carlessness—pure carlessness, permitted an ear of the transmission band to fall into the transmission and no amount of trying could remove it. We had to resort to taking the transmissin case off and then fixing the bands again.

More trouble came to our attention when we tried to secure new gaskets from the garage. The model T Ford being no longer manufactured, spare parts and accessories were hard to obtain, all the more so in a small town. We could find no gaskets, and the nearest town was Somerset, eleven miles away, with no means of getting there. Naturally this additional trouble was a blessing to Bill, although he would not admit it at that time. For the weather was warm, that moon shined brightly, and the stars nightly twinkled their message in the sky, and the front porch had clean steps and a good swing, and there were there girls in there family, as romantic as any living girls.

The following day after getting gaskets and installing them, replacing the starter and feeling happy again, more trouble came up. The battery was dead, deader than ever before and "Bouncing Betty" would not start. One of the neighbors kindly stoppeda passing truck, who towed us. But the brake band had not been fully adjusted yet and in trying to stop we crashed into the rear end of the truck, breaking a headlight lens.

(To be continued)

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—$2.00 a year.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1932

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Station M. New York City.

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Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
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That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
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The Handicap of Deafness

IT is rarely that the general public has a correct understanding of the difficulties encountered in the education of the deaf. When a deaf child goes to school, that child has already lived in impenetrable silence five years or more. Thus a deaf child is doubly handicapped at the very outset—deprived of the sense of hearing and kept from informative influences during the first five years of life. When that child graduates from school with a well-informed mind, almost a miracle has been accomplished by trained and specially skilled teachers.

In a quite recent lecture before the Conference of Social Workers at Riverside, Cal., by Principal Elwood A. Stevenson, M.A., entitled "Pertinent Facts Concerning the Deaf Child," he began by saying:—

Of all the groups of handicapped children, the understanding and the education of the deaf are the most difficult and most technical. No other form of special education compares with that of the deaf. The technical training necessary for the work, the abnormal procedure of instruction, and the seriousness of the loss of hearing, all tend to make the subject of the deaf a very vital study. When you understand that 65 percent of one's mental growth and educational accomplishment is obtained through the sense of hearing, you can readily visualize the enormity of the task.

Mr. Stevenson has charge of the educational work of the schools for the deaf throughout the State of California, and his work deserves the commendation of the entire profession, as he impresses on the public the truths regarding the work of teaching and training deaf boys and girls, laying stress on the extra impost placed upon the congenitally deaf. Readers of this paper should aid the present day children, by passing along all creditable bits of information that is printed concerning the accomplishments and achievements of deaf people. The ordinary citizen is not dense, but he is often neglectful in discernment concerning the extent of the handicap which deafness imposes.

IT is many years since the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL began the custom of devoting the Commencement Day issue to an illustrated number dedicated to the New York Institution. In this way the cause of the education of the deaf is helped along—at least the public is made aware of the many and intricate methods of uplifting those children who are deprived of the stimulative and informative influences of sound. We show pictured facilities for building up character, absorbing technical knowledge, and acquiring vocational skill, all of which will of immense value to deaf boys and girls when the days of school life are merged into the life of the communities wherein their lot is severally cast.

Therefore, the next number will be a Commencement number for the date of Thursday, June 10th. If space permits the general news of the deaf will be printed. But, if crowded out, the salient features will be included in the following issue, and every week during the summer days and all the year round, subscribers will get the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL regularly. The number of issues each year is fifty-two, and the subscription price is two dollars a year, or one dollar for six months. Our endeavor has always been to help the deaf—not to injure them—and all the deaf can assist each other by becoming subscribers.

VIRGINIA

In spite of these depression days the deaf in good old Virginia are carrying on and doing the best they can to weather all kinds of disappointments. The same may be said of the hearing people. As a result of stagnation in business in Norfolk, Ronald, the youngest son of Mrs. Florence Nicholson, is back with his mother until better days return. Mrs. Nicholson will soon have her daughter, who is a teacher at the Georgia School for the Deaf, with her, now that vacation is near at hand. She has been re-elected and will return in the fall when school reopens. By the way, Mrs. Nicholson herself has been reappointed teacher at the Virginia school.

There is a fine troop of boy scouts at the Virginia School with Mr. R. Aumon as scoutmaster. For three days during the later part of May, these boys enjoyed camping out along the Shenandoah River, about forty miles from Staunton. It is of interest to know that five of the thirty odd scouts have succeeded in passing the rigid examinations and have been admitted as Eagles. They had to do a lot of hard studying to attain their wishes but have finally won out. These young fellows deserve commendation for persistance in their efforts.

There is an old saying that many, if not all, will wend their way to the cobbler who proves himself to be the best in any given locality, no matter where he be, near or far from the business center. Something should be said of Fayette Ogden, who has a small repair shop nearly six miles from Staunton long the Roanke-Washington highway. He has proven himself to be an adept at restoring antique furniture, repairing badly damaged chairs and tables, and making substantial cedar chests. So well has his workmanship become known that he has had his hands full of work. While he is attending to his handiwork, Mrs. Ogden attends to the cows, garden, etc., and assists her daughters to prepare for their school duties. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden are the proud parents of two beautiful daughters, one of whom graduates from High School this June, the other having graduated a year ago. The younger one hopes to attend an institution of higher learning, in order to prepare herself to become a teacher of the deaf. The Ogdens own a car and are at all times near to the city and attend all worthwhile events.

Speaking of children of deaf parents, the writer cannot leave out mentioning the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Weaver, who is now attending the celebrated Mary Baldwin College, having a four-year scholarship donated by a wealthy citizen of Staunton. She proposes becoming a teacher of the deaf if given an opportunity. By the way, Mr. Weaver is the veteran instructor of carpentry at the Virginia State School for the Deaf and Blind, and can prove he is a handler of tools par excellence, he having constructed all the playground structures and many of the paraphernalia. Not only as a carpenter is he known, but he has been, and is, the beloved leader of the Staunton Bible Class.

"As is the Superintendent, so is the School." Superintendent McManaway is firmly in favor of the Edith Fitzgerald method of language teaching and the Rochester method of finger spelling when oralism fails at times. Other schools have not as yet adopted the Fitzgerald method as a whole, but all teachers who have made a close study of the method commend it. Miss Fitzgerald, a graduate of Gallaudet College, in the class of 1903, has accepted the offer to be one of the instructors at the summer school at Los Angeles, Cal., the coming summer, and will thus be unable to attend the reunion on Kendall Green, or to register as a student at the Gallaudet College Summer School, much to her regret.

While in Roanoke recently, the writer attended the Diocesan Council of Southwestern Virginia, and was given a chance to "educate" the clergy and delegates about the church work among the deaf. Bishop Jett is keenly interested and will do whatever he can at the forthcoming synod in Pittsburgh to further the work, he being at the present time the president.

The school at Staunton closes for vacation on June 2d, and that at Newport News in the middle of the month. All deaf teachers and employees have been reelected at Staunton, and is it believed the same can be said of those at Newport News.

The Staunton school has secured an option on a beautiful farm of 350 acres a short distance out of the city. If the next legislature sees fit to buy the place, the school and the State will be fortunate indeed. The institution's fine stock of milk cows, hogs and sheep, have been moved out there. The old residence of the former owner has been remodelled, papered and painted by the boys in the industrial department, and will be occupied by the milkman and his family. It is hoped Mr. McManaway and his Board will realize their wishes in securing this farm.

Superintendent W. C. Ritter, of the Newport News school, has found himself extra busy these Spring days, trying to get the fine school farm land fully seeded and ready for cultivation ere vacation hoves in sight. Mrs. Ritter has a fine lot of young Plymouth chickens, which now cover the front yard. As there are two good watchdogs, night prowlers will give the location a wide berth.

Lynchburg possesses a nice colony of the deaf, who have organized a Bible Class at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, with Mr. S. C. Jones, of Gladys, as leader. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were until recently valued teachers as Newport News, but are now located on their own farm a score of miles from Lynchburg. The Lynchburgers have made arrangements to induce the missioner to make more frequent visits than hithertofore.

Richmond "silents" still have Mrs. Fannie D. Chiles as their "mother" and general leader. Wherever the writer goes he is closely questioned about Mrs. Chiles, beloved by not a few in "Ole Virginny."

In the main hall of the main building of the Staunton school can be seen the tablet, placed by the members of the Virginia Association of the Deaf in 1923, commemorating "Cobb," claimed to be the first school for the education of the deaf in America. It was established in 1812, by Col. William Bolling, who had John Braidwood as the first and only teacher. Cobbs was near Petersburg. This Colonel Bolling was, if we mistake not, a relative of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

A good many of the fast disappearing lot of oldtime deaf men and women will recall the late Rev. Job Turner, pioneer missionary to the deaf in the South. His old home, although somewhat remodelled, can be seen as one wends his way to or from the school in Staunton. In beautiful Thorn Rose Cemetery can also be seen the handsome monument erected with money contributed by the Virginians to mark his last resting place. "Uncle Job," as he was familiarly called, was a successful teacher and many are living who call him blessed.

On the evening of the 21st of May, the *qui vive* all over the State, wher-Association of the Deaf had a strawberry festival out in one of Staunton's beautiful parks. The deaf from surrounding places were on hand and aided in disposing of all that was offered for all in no time. A neat sum was realized for the fund the Virginians are trying to secure to furnish a room at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Moultrie, Fla.

The good old summer time is at hand and picnics and other outings are on the *qui vive* all over the State wherever a colony of the deaf exist.

John Alexander, an enterprising young orchardist and general agriculturist at Stuart's Draft, had the misfortune to lose a brother who was recently killed in an airplane wreck at Richmond. Not only this, but his home was not long ago completely burnt down. However, insurance aided him in building a new house.

H. L. T.

Mr. Edward P. Cleary Resigns After Long Service

After 39 years of continuous service on the faculty of our school, Mr. Edward P. Cleary tendered his resignation last March to take effect in June. Mr. Cleary is the oldest teacher on our faculty in point of service, with a single exception.

Mr. Cleary was born on February 8, 1866, in Cincinnati, Ohio, one of a large family of which he is the only survivor. At the age of 11 he was enrolled in the Cincinnati Day School. At the age of 15 he was transferred to Kendall School, Washington, D. C., where he spent two years, followed by four years at Gallaudet College. At this time he was very frail in appearance and not expected to live to maturity. To the surprise of his teachers, he successfully completed his college work and graduated with the class of 1887.

He organized and founded a day school for Catholic deaf children in Cincinnati, which is now St. Rita's. As funds were low, he trained nuns to take charge of the school and became a private tutor at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, for one year, then came to Illinois in October, 1893. He has been on the school faculty consecutively from 1893 to 1932.

Mr. Cleary married Minnie M. Wait, a teacher at Illinois School for the Deaf, on June 28, 1900. There are two children, both living in Jacksonville.

Probably no other teacher of the school has had such a large number of pupils under instruction. They are scattered all over the country and will receive the news of the resignation of their former teacher will deep interest.

Mr. Cleary was treasurer of the Illinois Home from the beginning until a few years ago. He was largely instrumental in raising the funds that made the Home possible. He has been a Trustee of the Home since its founding, though of late he was been unable to attend the Board meetings.

The entire school personnel will miss his familiar presence in our midst and hopes that he will be spared many years of peaceful retirement after a long and useful life in our special field of service.—*The Illinois Advauce.*

SEATTLE

We arrived home last Friday morning, after a most enjoyable two weeks' vacation, spent in Oakland, Cal. We went there and returned in that comfortable floating hotel the S. S. Ruth Alexander. Arrived in Oakland, on Tuesday May 3d, we were met by our daughter, her husband and our little three-year-old granddaughter, as well as by Mr. Adolph N. Struck. That evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Runde, the other guests being Mr. Douglas Tilden and Miss Mabel Luddy. Dr. Hanson was happy to meet Mr. Tilden again, after many years, and they talked over old days when they sat together at the same table in Paris, when they were young men. Four of the hearing men who ate with them later came into titles, and three of them were distinguished as sculptors and one as a painter. The creator of the famous Buster Brown Cartoons was also a tablemate, and Lionel Walden, now of Honolulu, one of whose paintings was purchased by the French government and is now in the Luxembourg Museum. That congenial crowd met at table every day in the Hotel St. Malo, Paris, of which Monsieur Pelletier was manager. During the first International Congress of the Deaf, most of the American delegates stopped at the same hotel. So also did Mrs. Tilley, when she was on her honeymoon.

After dinner a dozen or so of friends and neighbors of the Rundes came in. We had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Birck, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Henry Bruns, whom we knew as a little girl at the Minnesota School.

On Wednesday we dined at the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph N. Struck, and had afterwards pleasant visits with Mr. and Mrs. Bruns and Mr. and Mrs. Howson

On Sunday evening, Dr. Hanson held services at St. Peter's Church, Oakland, and nearly forty were present. Dr. Hanson was pleased and inspired to address so distinguished and intelligent a congregation. Mr. Struck, layreader, read the lessons and Mrs. Hanson rendered the hymns.

On Monday we visited the State School at Berkeley, and Mr. Stevenson himself kindly conducted us to visit three of the classes. One of these was composed of five-year-olds and their young teacher showed us some of their work, which was mostly in learning to read short sentences and doing action work. We later lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, one of their daughters and their little son, and later were led through the completed part of the new buildings by Mr. Stevenson. They are in the characteristic California mission style, with arched walks and roofed, leading to the different buildings. The sitting room of the little boys was designed to win the hearts of children, with illustrations of characters in children's classics around the walls of the room, low cushioned divans, and tables with pretty shaded lamps, and an inviting fireplace. A clock in the hall had comical faces for hands, and concrete figures of an elephant, a bear, and a dwarf, were spread along the stone stairway. The hangings at all he windows we saw were of artistic and unusual design, and the tapestry hangings and pictures on the walls were all in keeping with the general effect. We felt happy to think of the refining and home-like surroundings the deaf children would have. We also saw the little five-year-old boys taking an afternoon nap in the bedrooms, under the care of a house mother. We saw several charming dining rooms, the enormous modern kitchens with their many rooms, pantries and refrigerators, and the washrooms and bathrooms. The lamps in the halls of the little boys were of attractive and original design pleasing to children.

After a wet winter, northern California is looking its best this spring, and the profusion of gay colored flowers was much greater than we had ever seen, and the skies were sunny throughout our visit. We appreciated the kindess and hospitality of our deaf friends. Before leaving, our son-in-law took us to visit Golden Gate Park. The exquisite memorial church at Stanford, Palo Alto, the Big Basin and Redwood Park, the Santa Clara Valley, the Presidio, and took us to the top of the campanile at the University of California. We also called on Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tilley in their beautiful home at Tiburon.

The P. S. A. D. card party on May 14th was a pleasant affair. Joe Modar was a visitor there, and also Mr. Oliver Nettleton, of Nebraska, and his daughter, Mrs. Herman, and Mr. Parttou, of Olympia.

Miss Dora Haire leaves in the near future for Hawaii to be married. A shower was given in her honor at the home of Mrs. Gustin on May 12th, and another is scheduled for May 22d, at the home of her parents. Dora is a native daughter of Seattle and the good wishes of us all, who have known her from babyhood, go with her on her voyage to her new life.

Mr. Glen Moen is a young man, educated at the Berkeley, Cal., school, who came to Seattle nearly a month ago, and has been working in a shoe repair plant. He owns a Durant car, and is boarding at the Bradbury home.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gilmore are congratulating them on the birth of their second child, a son.

The Frats are having a party on May 28th, at Plymouth House, and on the next day, Sunday, a picnic at Roosevelt Park. The feature of this picnic will be a baseball game between Portland and Seattle teams. Mr. Carl Garrison has charge of the Saturday evening party, and Mr. Roy Bradbury of the picnic next day.

THE HANSONS.

May 15, 1932.

OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

"Of course *every* person has his faults, but *some* seem to specialize in them, showing great originality in inventing new ones."

The residence on E. Rich Street, so long known as the Patterson home, now has a "for rent" card on it, and this looks as if Dr. Patterson would not return to Columbus when he leaves Florida, where he has been wintering under the good care of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Corey, Jr. It may be that Dr. Patterson intends going to his daughter's (Mrs. Charles Bond) home in New York City. In the home on Rich Street, all four of Dr. Patterson's children were raised and, if I mistake not, it was in this same home that Dr. Patterson and his first wife first started housekeeping.

The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society held its final meeting for the Spring May 19th. Next fall will find the members eager to begin their work for the Ohio Home again.

May 21st found Mr. A. B. Greener packed and ready to leave for a visit in Fort Wayne, Ind., with his daughter, Mrs. J. K. Sherman, and her family for a week. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Thomas left the same day for the East, and from a card received they were feasting their eyes on the beauties of Natural Bridge, W. Va., on May 23d. Upon their return they intend motoring to Fort Wayne to get Mr. Greener.

Mrs. Pearl Harrison Dunham, of the Oklahoma school, sent word to Mr. Greener that Mr. James Griffin, formerly of Detroit, had died in a Sulphur, Okla., hospital, and authorities were eager to locate a sister, said to be a nurse in Detroit. Mr. Griffin attended the Ohio school from Fremont and graduated in 1883. His wife was also a student at our school before her marriage. Mr. Griffin was sixty-nine years old at the time of his death. His wife (Maggie Moore) died some years ago. At last reports the man's sister had not been located.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Holdren, on May 12th, entertained a party of friends at their home on Minnesota Avenue, in honor of their fourth wedding anniversary. The guests enjoyed several games and then cards. Mr. Fred Moore and Mrs. L. LaFountain took the prizes in walking a chalk line. Mr. LaFountain, in an egg throwing contest, won a three-minute glass for timing eggs. Mrs. Kennedy was presented a bouquet of flowers. After a delicious lunch of served, Mr. and Mrs. Holdren opened the gifts which had been brought to them and then the joyous party broke up, as best wishes were showered upon the happy couple.

Miss Nellie Gillespie recently motored to Cincinnati taking with her mother, Mrs. J. Steele, and Mrs. C. C. Neuner. The three were finely entertained by their Cincinnati friends, especially by Mrs. Wooley and Mrs. Vance.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shopshire, of Akron, have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Clark, near Weckel.

It was pleasing news to learn through the *Kentucky Standard* that the Georgia school will next fall open as a Combined System again, after having been an oral school since the retirement of Prof. Conner about twenty years ago. Seems the Georgia Association of the Deaf had much to do in bringing about the change. The Ohio school still has twelve manual classes. When Miss Feasley retires in June, she is to be succeeded by a manual teacher, Miss Loretta McDonald, who is an excellent lip-reader.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Peard will soon leave Akron for Duluth, Minn., to make their home on a farm in that locality. Mr. Peard has been employed at the Goodyear plant for twelve years. Their Akron friends are sorry to see them go and they leave with the best wishes of their friends.

On May 21st, at 4 P.M., Miss Clarice E. Ohlemacher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ohlemacher, was united in marriage to Mr. Harold E. Cox by the Rev. W. L. Martin. It was a pretty church wedding, with the two young nieces of the bride acting as flower girls. The bride wore a pink silk gown and pink shoes, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Ohlemacher, mother of the bride, wore a blue frock with matching accessories. A dinner followed at the bride's home. The happy couple left on a trip south by way of the Gulf of Mexico to Baton Rouge and on their way back will visit friends in Iowa. After June 18th, they will be at home in Columbus. Mr. Cox is a graduate of the University of Iowa, and now holds a position with the United States geological survey office at the Ohio State University. Mrs. Cox attended the latter college.

The much heralded lawn fete celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Columbus Division, N. F. S. D., had a good crowd in attendance, but some of the advertised features failed to show up. The parade given by members of the Columbus Ladies' Aid Society proved to be the only big feature. This parade, headed by our eagle scout, L. Ritter, carrying a large flag and two drummer boys, was greeted with much applause. The banners carried by the ladies gave a good history of the work done for the Home by this society. Many hats were raised as the three charter members marched part the crowd carrying their banner. The society as a whole was awarded the first prize, and Mrs. Neuner in a very old-fashioned dress received second prize, and Mr. Inman as clown policeman, won third prize. The judges were Mr. Russell Moore, of Worthington; Mrs. Mary Corbett, of Bellaire; and Mr. Frank Keifer, of Cincinnati. The floats advertised failed to float and if the Ladies' Aid Society had not participated the affair would have been a tame one. There were no exercises, in honor of the silver anniversary, much to the regret of many present. Mrs. Mary Corbett, of Bellaire, came with a car load of folks from her city, with her daughter as driver.

Miss Bessie MacGregor entertained a party of friends, numbering twelve at cards, Friday, May 20th, at her home in Grove City. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy won the first prizes and the booby prizes fell to Mr. and Mrs. C. Jacobson.

E.

PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan G. Stern took a trip to New York City on May 21st, to spend the week-end with Mrs. Stern's parents. On the following evening all repaired to a restaurant where a pleasant surprise was given to Mr. and Mrs. Stern, in honor of the tenth anniversary of their wedding. This delightful affair was attended by more than a half hundred of friends and wellwishers of both New York and Philadelphia. An exquisite dinner was partaken of, after which the company further enjoyed playing bridge and "500." Among the Philadelphians who attended were Mrs. Nancy Moore, Mrs. Mabel Wilson, Mr. Harry Berk, Mrs. Rhea Mohr, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Schwartz, Mr. John A. Roach and Mr. and Mrs. Stern, who were rememebered by a beautiful gift from their friends.

The closing date of the Mt. Airy school has been changed to June 11th, instead of June 6th.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, at a special meeting in Mt. Airy, on Saturday evening, May 28th, changed the date and place of meeting of the Society to August 26th and 27th, 1932, at Lebanon, Pa. The date and place previously announced as *September 2d to 5th inclusive, 1932, at the Mt. Airy Institution* is therefore no longer considered. Members and friends of the Society will please take note of this change of date and place of the next meeting and help to spread it to all others who may be interested.

The dance given at Gilpin Hall for the benefit of the Philadelphia Local Branch on Saturday evening, May 28th, was held as announced, but, unfortunately, it was not as largely attended as had been expected by its promoters. Present conditions among the deaf of Philadelphia, due to the continuing depression and other causes, may have been responsible for it, so that a better showing could hardly have been expected. However, worthy as the cause may have been, the time seemed inopportune for it.

Announcement was made at All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Sunday, 29th of May, that Rev. Hewitt B. Vinnedge, Ph.D., of Wisconsin, who is on a tour to the East, is expected to preach at All Souls' Church on Sunday afternoon, June 12th, at three o'clock. Rev. Mr. Vinnedge and Rev. Mr. Smaltz were classmates at the School of Divinity in this city.

On Sunday morning, June 19th, there will be a service of Holy Communion at All Souls' at 10 A.M.

We understand that this service will mark the change of services from afternoon to morning or the beginning of the summer schedule of service.

Mrs. Kate Hoopes left for her cottage at Wildwood, N. J., on Sunday morning, May 29th, and expects to remain there through the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dantzer and children left for Wildwood, N. J., on Saturday, May 28th. Mr. Dantzer will remain there over Memorial Day and then return to the city alone.

Edwin C. Ritchie, president of the P. S. A. D., and Secretary Henry J. Pulver were in the city on Saturday, May 28th, to attend the special Board meeting.

Remember the Strawberry Festival at All Souls' Church on Saturday evening, June 4th.

A social was enjoyed by the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday evening, May 26th. On June 16th, the Association will hold its quarterly business meeting.

FANWOOD

The military ceremonies and annual competition of the cadet battalion was held on the afternoon of May 27th. The day was cloudless and unusually warm. There was a large attendance, consisting of the teachers, parents and friends, and the older girl pupils, which encouraged the cadets to do their best.

Promptly at half-past one o'clock the boys formed in line, all spic in their new uniforms, and went through the evolutions of Dress Parade, with music by the band. Major Van Tassell was the reviewing officer, accompanied by Dr. Fox.

The provisional company of the cadets gave their silent drill. The company performed with unhesitating precision, that speaks well for their training in alertness and concentration.

The competition by the individual cadets of each company was interesting. The cadets put forth their best efforts, and much excitement prevailed as they were penalized and the number slowly dwindled until the winners were selected. The judges were Captain Altenderfer, assisted by the cadet officers. The awards were made as follows:—

The Principal's gold medal for Best Drill officer to Cadet Captain F. Kowalewski.

The medal for General Excellence in Band and Field Music to Cadet Musician John McAlister.

The Sanger Memorial Prize for Excellence in the Band to Cadet Band Sergeant Louis Balkoski.

The Archibald D. Russell gold medals for highest proficiency in the School of the Soldier to Cadet M. Cairano, "A" Company, and Cadet James LaSala, "B" Company.

The General George Moore Smith medals for Marked Excellence in Military Drill to Cadet Color Sergeant A. Ovary and Cadet Sergeant Vincent Sherman, "A" Company, and Cadet Lance Corporal Oscar Norflus and Cadet Barney Horowitz, "B" Company.

After the applause ended, the medal winners returned to the ranks, the battalion lined up again, the Colors were dismissed, and the buglers sounded "Taps." The military ceremonies were over.

The annual banquet of the Palette and Brush Club was held at St. Ann's Church, Wednesday evening, May 25th.

Miss Lenore W. Martin, the new counsellor, and Mr. E. A. Hodgson, an honorary member, were present. A very delightful dinner was enjoyed by all.

After-dinner speeches were made by Miss Martin, Mr. Hodgson, the active members, and the seven graduate members present. The club presented Miss Martin with a lovely bouquet of flowers and pin signifying the emblem of the organization.

The officers are: Michaelena LeFrere Carroll, Honorary Counsellor; Lenore W. Martin, Counsellor; Felix Kowalewski, Advisor; Vladymir Mazur, President; Louis Balkoski, Secretary; Vincent Sherman, Treasurer.

Active Members include William Stupfer, Edward Soltis, William Haviluk, Leon Auerbach, Lawrence McKeown, and Vernon Safford.

The Honorary Members are Mr. Isaac B Gardner, Major Wm. H. Van Tassell, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, and Mr. Marcus.

Under the capable management of Miss Edith Kaercher, a very amusing playlet, "The King of the Golden River," was presented before the pupils, in the chapel, on the afternoon of Thursday, May 26th.

The cast was made up of the Adrastian Society, the student officers of the Girls Department.

The play was in five parts and was very well acted by the following cast:

Gluck	Catherine O'Brien
His two brothers—	
Schwartz	Congetta Fernando
Hans	Edith Kaercher
"A little old gentleman"	Anna St. George
A child. A priest	Alice Rudzevice
The King of the Golden River	Lena Getman

SCENE	I.	Gluck and the "Little Gentleman."
SCENE	II.	Southwest Wind, Esquire.
SCENE	III.	Hans and the Black Stone.
SCENE	IV.	Schwartz's Punishment.
SCENE	V.	Gluck's Reward.

The baseball tournament closed on Thursday, the 26th, a very loose game being played, which resulted in victory for the Sandy team over the Albert team by the score of 27 to 13. (This was not a basketball game.) The victory gave the Sandys undisputed possession of first place.

The pupils of Fanwood go in for snapshot photography in a big way. There is one kodak for every ten boys, and several have developing and printing outfits.

Michael Cairano is looking forward eagerly for his auto driver's test, which will be given some time this summer.

The enrollment of pupils at Fanwood has increased so steadily that more space has to be found to accommodate them. At present there is only one empty table left in the dining room, which usually had three or four to spare.

Felix Kowalewski, Oscar Benison and Ernest Marshall have finished their college entrance exams, and are waiting eagerly for the results.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE CLUB ROOM BURNED OUT

The three-story structure known as the Leslie Building, at 139-143 West 125th Street, Manhattan, New York City, where the Deaf-Mutes' Union League has had its quarters for the past thirty-two years, on Monday morning, May 30th, caught fire, and the entire third floor, where the Deaf-Mutes' Union League has four rooms was burned out. Nothing of value has been saved.

At the time of the fire, the custodian, Charles Muller, was the only one in the building, and was asleep. He was the awakened by smoke, and escaped uninjured down the fire escape.

So far the scribe has not been able to ascertain how the fire originated, it could not have begun in the League's rooms, for all the members had departed for home hours before.

A meeting of the Board of Governors of the League will be called soon to determine what steps to take in securing new quarters.

In the meantime, the president, Mr. Joseph F. Mortiller, announces that the Depression Party advertised for June 11th has been cancelled.

The large safe was scorched by the fire, otherwise uninjured, and if its contents are intact, valuable data will have been saved.

There was a fire insurance, but it will not even cover half of the equipment owned by the League, which included picture-groups of the many anniversaries, trophies, etc.

Late in the evening many, who spent the day at seashore and elsewhere, came up, intending to meet their fellow members.

The following is taken from the *New York Times*, of Sunday, May 29th:—

NEW LONDON, CT., May 28.—Mrs. Evelyn Miller, 22, wife of Walter Miller, of 395 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, was killed this morning when a light roadster in which she and her husband were riding overturned on the Boston Post Road at Flanders.

Mr. Miller who was driving, was severely injured and was taken to a hospital. According to the State police, he lost control of the car at a curve.

The Millers were going to Boston to spend the week-end and holiday with relatives.

Walter Miller is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller, of Washington Heights, Manhattan, New York City.

Like others, it was the intention of young Walter Miller and his wife to take advantage of the three days holiday, and go to Boston, Mass., to be with Walter's sister, Mrs. Levy, and her family.

Early Saturday morning, the 28th, they drove in their new roadster to Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller's abode with the intention of taking them along, but were informed that they did not feel like it, so they departed after bidding them goodbye, and were in return wished a pleasant and enjoyable trip.

H. A. D.

A representative gathering was present at the closing services of the season, Friday evening, May 27th. Mr. Marcus L. Kenner was the speaker, having for his theme "Lest We Forget."

A stone tablet in memory of Emil Basch, long an indefatigable worker of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, and other societies, was unveiled on the grounds of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf's new Mt. Carmel Cemetery plot last Sunday afternoon, May 29th. Coincident with the unveiling was the Annual Memorial Service, held in memory of departed members. Chairman Ebin, of the Cemetery Committee, opened with a few appropriate remarks, followed by President Garson, who read the service.

The "red-letter day" of the H. A. D. —Saturday evening, June 18th—which signalizes the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding, will soon be here. The event will be celebrated with a formal banquet at the Temple Emanu-El. Tickets of admission are $1.75 cash to members, but those who are sufficiently interested to participate in the celebration may do so at a payment of fifty cents additional.

While Sunday activities have been suspended for the summer, the H. A. D. Wednesday evening "socials" will continue as usual, except that the gatherings will be on the open-air roof garden whenever the weather permits.

The sympathy of a host of friends goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller in their great sorrow. As was reported in the daily press, Mrs. Evelyn Miller, their daughter-in-law, was killed on Saturday, the 28th, in an auto wreck on the Boston Post Road, while their son, Walter, was severely injured and is now in a hospital in Connecticut. Funeral services for Mrs. Miller were held at the Riverside Chapel last Monday. Interment was at Mt. Carmel Cemetery.

Philip Schwartz, Helen Ricigliano, Joe Dazzo, Mary Tellers and Philip's pal, Albert Nahoun, are patronizing the Castle Hill Bathing Park.

Continuing its Thursday evening scries of broadcasts, the Columbia Company's program for last Thursday evening, May 26th, offered Rev. G. C. Braddock in signs by Television, with Miss Jean Wolverton in speech over Columbia's W2XAB, and Mrs. Johanna McCluskey giving the National Anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," in her splendid sign declamation, with Mrs. Erna Denlinger reciting the spoken words. The Acting Director of Deaf Educational Activities, Mr. A. L. Pach, made the introductions orally and in signs.

Mr. Braddock said:—

On the deaf man as the "Forgotten Man." Briefly, the deaf have not received benefit from the latest innovations in the social sciences. The radio, while it has benefitted the world in general, has nothing to offer the deaf. The talking motion pictures have robbed the deaf of their old time enjoyment of the films by decreeing the removal of explanatory printed titles. The compensation laws have made it harder for the deaf man to find work in the mechanical trades; and the telephone has barred the deaf girl from office work. In general, the deaf man is still wreathed in an isolation which is relieved only by social contacts with his fellow-deaf.

There were about a dozen deaf visitors, including Mrs. Braddock, Mrs. E. DeLaura, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Frankenheim, Miss Margaret Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Call, and Mr. Osmond Loew. Programs for June 2d, 9th and 15th are being arranged, after which there will be a recess until September, when a greatly improved Television transmission will be shown.

At the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf Convention in Boston, Mass., Mr. Milton Cassell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was introduced to Miss Eva Kolin, of Cleveland, O. Their acquaintance was renewed later when Miss Kolin came to New York on a visit, and Mr. Cassell, who became very much attached to this Cleveland lassie could not resist making several trips to Cleveland, O., to be with her.

This romance that began last summer at the Boston Frat Convention terminated in the betrothal of the couple, which took place on Monday, May 23d.

A bridal shower was tendered to Mrs. Charles Sussman at her residence, on Sunday afternoon, the 28th. Judy was overwhelmed with a shower of gifts, testifying to the admiration in which she is held by those who know her. During the evening the male persuasion trooped in and helped to make merry.

The father of Mrs. Daniel Wasserman passed away on Wednesday, May 25th.

Wilkinsburg, Pa.

As one gets along in years, he is liable to revert in thought to his early surroundings and experiences and to the folk of his early days. All this is what turned the thoughts of the Teegardens to Turtle Creek and its memories. Thinking led to action, so a visit to the old town was in order, for there they began their life work, Mr. Teegarden as the first teacher, aside from the Principal, Dr. Logan, of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, and the mistress as one of his first pupils. But this was way back in 1876. The site of the old school is now covered—not with greening verdure as then—but with fine residenees and business blocks. And of all those who attended the school the first eight years of its existence only Dr. Ide Kinney and the relatives of Mrs. Mary Sloan Robb are found there now, and on these the Teegardens called and discussed olden times when, periodically, the low lands were overflowed by freshets and the beautiful ravine to the rear was delightfully fresh and green, but now stark and bare, save a few shabby dwellings clinging to the sides of the hills.

The call at the office of Dr. Kinney, the chiropodist, found him busy for the time being, but he was soon relieved and entertained the visitors in his usual pleasing way. Owing to the depression, he is not so busy now, but cherfully concedes that is to be expected these hard times, and there were others in same fix.

After an hour of pleasant converse, the genial doctor directed his visitors up the hills toward the residence of Mrs. Robb's relatives, the McLeans, and on the way discovered that Turtle Creek had developed greatly up over the hills out of sight of the one main street that we had known in the long ago. An hour with the McLeans quickly passed. Mrs. Robb was not there, however, but they said they expected her in the very near future. The next day, Mr. McLean called on the Teegardens and informed them that they had received a telegram announcing the very sudden death of Mrs. Robb, at her son's home in Canton, O., apparently from heart failure. She was in her 74th year.

In her younger days, Mrs. Robb was a skilled needlewoman and for some time was assistant seamstress at the Edgewood school. Mrs. Robb was a patient, consistent soul, and made friends wherever she lived, and we are sorry we missed the chance of seeing her again ere she passed to the beyond.

Charles McArthur has been engaged for some time past on brick and tile work at the new Gulf Refining (42-story) building in Pittsburg, opposite the Kopper skyscraper. Hope the job is big enough to keep him busy for a long time yet.

As the McArthurs live in Johnstown, the Mrs. was in Pittsburg visiting for more than a week with Mr. and Mrs. Graves and the Blackhalls. Other friends were pleased to see her at the W. S. C. rooms.

Some time ago Mrs William Hedrick called on Mrs. Teegarden, bringing her guest, Mrs. Wm. W. Swartz, of Baltimore. Mrs. Swartz was in Wilkinsburg on business and was glad to meet some old-time friends. Mrs. Hedrick and Mrs. Swartz were schoolmates at the Philadelphia school not so long ago, and the visit recalled that Mr. Swartz had visited us at Turtle Creek when the school was located there. So that is another reminder of those Turtle Creek days.

Mr. Hedrick is still clinging to a precarious job two or three days a week, but he has other things he can do, thanks to his ingenuity. He gave our basement walls a first-class coat of whitewash recently, through a spraying pump, thus making our laundry, and storage place more cheerful.

The local Chapter of the G.C.A.A. had a meeting at the school May 13th. Thirteen were present. There were seven absentees, however, the jinx wasn't observed.

Not much was done aside from receiving reports and payment of dues. The Vice-President, Mrs. Havens, not being present, the program committee deferred action until she was able to direct same. After the meeting adjourned, Mrs. Manning with her assistants served ice-cream, cakes and coffee, in her usual gracious way. Fred Connor was unable to attend the meeting, but he made up for his absence by calling the next day for Mr. and Mrs. Teegarden and drove them with his other guests, Mrs. Mildred Smith and Mr. Bosworth, up to Verona to visit Milan Petrovits, a portrait artist. Up there the party met Peter Grave, Mr. and Mrs. Philips and Mr. and Mrs. Zahn, the portrait committee. The object of the meeting was to pass on the portrait of Mr. Teegarden that had been completed. After a thorough study of the artist's work and comparing same with the subject who was present, it was pronounced satisfactory and a suitable frame was ordered. The portrait is to be presented to the school by the graduates, at their public meeting there, May 28th.

Mrs. Mildred Smith called on Mrs. Teegarden some time ago and they spent a cherrful afternoon in converse and recalling old times, when Mrs. Smith lived in Wilkinsburg with her husband some years ago. Since the shutdown of the printing plant where she, William Gibson and Samuel Rogalsky were employed, the trio have been idle more or less, so they are still on the lookout for jobs that would keep them up and going. Mr. Rogalsky has been in New York two or three times without favorable result.

Mr. Connor and Mr. Havens seem to have their hands full with full-time work with the Pittsburg *Sun-Telegraph*, where they spend most of the night on newspaper work.

Mr. Connor operates a car also, and delights to oblige his friend with rides whenever he can get the time off from his numerous duties.

T.

Witness Employs Sign-Language

A courtroom filled with spectators was treated this morning to the novelty of witness and attorney communicating via the deaf and dumb language. Attorney A. W. Bennet was the interpreter who acted for James T. Thorne, 454 First Street, a witness in Elias Griffin's $10,000 injury claim against Max Skyer, which continued in Newburgh Supreme Court today.

Mr. Thorne was a passenger in the Griffin automobile when it was in collision with the Skyer car driven by William Wiesser on West Broadway on Feb. 26, 1931. Mr. Thorne, responding readily to Mr. Bennet's gestures, said that the Skyer car came east rapidly and crashed the Griffin car as it was about to turn into the New burgh Lumber Company yard.

Dr. Percy E. Banks followed Mr. Thorne on the witness stand and the plaintiff's case was rested at the noon recess.

Four other cases are held ready to follow the case on trail.—*Newburgh, N. Y., May 19.*

All Souls' Church for the Deaf

(Protestant Episcopal)
3220 North Sixteenth Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, M.A., S.T.B., Rector, James H. Richards, Lay-Reader.

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

During July, August and September.—Sundays, Morning Prayer, at 10:00 A.M. Third Sunday of each month, Holy Communion, at 10:00 A.M.

From October to June inclusive.—Sundays, Evening Prayer and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Second Sunday, Litany and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Third Sunday, Holy Communion and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday, at 4:15 P.M.

Callers are welcome during office hours on Thursday afternoons from 1:30 P.M. to 4:00 P.M., and evenings from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. On Saturday evenings from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M.

On other days by appointment at the Rectory, 3226 North Sixteenth Street.

CHICAGO

The most outstanding feature of the Annual Event for the benefit of Illinois Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, May 13th and 14th, was most easily the Variety Show itself, put across in the evening of the latter date at All Angels' Mission, Leland and Racine Avenues.

A cosmopolitan crowd—three hundred of them—attended despite the soaring temperature. The program, consisting of twelve features lasted fully three hours, contributed by volunteer players of widely-divergent type. Not only that, but also those groups of players constituted themselves independently of one another, and under the influence of Mrs. Peter Livshis, were welded into the whole. Each of them was eager to put in his utmost, and all of them had but one month's practice, and the net result was happily pleasing.

A shadow pantomime, "Boarding House Plot," played by the unknown shadows, easily recognizable, was the opener of the show. So well was it enacted in shadow on the screen that the children that sat in the front row could repeat the performance A to Z; one of them is about three years old. Following was the story by the famous monologist, Mrs. J. Frederick Meagher. Then trotted in the comedy, "Wife Wanted," a story of a bachelor, played by Arthur Shawl, who, tiring of the singlehood, advertised for a wife. There was quite a procession of eligibles, of which the two most amusing actresses were Old Irisher, portrayed quite vividly by Virginia Dries, and Red-Hot Mamma, by Emma Maser, *a la* Greta Garbo, who nearly burned off the hair of the bachelor. The other players, Thomas Cain, Christine Hartl, Mrs. A. Shawl and Irene Crafton, did their roles creditably.

The next act, "Youth and Age," was performed by two oralists, Frederick Hinrichs and Walter Haley, the latter, who formerly played the co-starring part with the late Joseph Wondra. The act was in pantomime. "Hispanic Tango" was danced quite professionally by Mrs. Kitty Leiter and Mr. Willis, a hearing man. "The Serpent Dance," the legs of which belonged to Mary Rich, Christine Hartl, Ruth and Syril Arkin (twins) and Grace Jeffers, invited criticism from the audience in that no faces, necks, nor arms were ever revealed, and the spectators manifestly were looking for a chorus show of Follies Variety. Better luck, next time.

"The Cohens at Home" was the greatest elbow-tickler of the show, and Herman Baim, impersonating Mr. Cohen, made a distinct debut as a stage player. His actions reminded the witnesses most startlingly of the famous Joseph Wondra, now gone forever. Mr. Baim had won the affection and blessing of those who saw, and felt with him.

In between was sandwiched a tale, told from the platform, by the reconteur, George Ross, who, as usual, delighted the listeners.

The bazaar and "500" party were both a signal success. The tryout of the two dates, Friday and Saturday demonstrated the success of the plan, inasmuch as there was a number of people, who could not come Saturday, made up for it by coming Friday night, instead. There was cafeteria for each day, which was practically cleaned up to the last crumb.

Through this column, Mrs. Peter Livshis, wishes to express her most heartfelt gratitude to all the committees and the theatrical amateurs for their willingness, hard labor, and loyalty in their mutual aid, that made the annual affair both successful and memorable.

Mrs. Horace Perry was suddenly called away to the hospital to be operated on for appendicitis, Thursday, May 26th. The outcome, as this goes to the press, is not known, and Chicagoans wish her speedy recovery.

Vito Vallone, one of the best known and respected members of Silent Indians, met with an unusual accident, as he was keeping the score book. The batter broke the bat, as it hit the ball, and the heavy sharp splinter shot across his cheek, cutting about one-eighth inch deep. He was laid unconscious, and was quickly conveyed to a hospital, where he received a few stitches. Had it struck him squarely in the face, he would probably have faced death. He is to be congratulated for his narrow escape. The Silent Indians and the bearing team paid all the doctor's expense fifty-fifty.

"The best loved teacher" at Jacksonville is through! June 4th, Edward P. Cleary steps out of his classroom for the last time, after teaching there continuously for thirty-nine years. Yes, the gentle, gentlemanly, lovable Cleary is compelled to "shut up shop" owing to failing health—after serving us since the fall of the World's Columbia Exposition, 1893.

"Like father, like son." When Jim Rayhill, of Springfield, ran the 100-yards in 10 seconds flat—May 21st, as Gallaudet beat Washington College, 78 to 48—he equaled the record of his father, when Jim Rayhill, Sr., trotted for Illinois College, two decades ago.

This Rayhill, Jr., is the big track sensation of the season at Gallaudet, having set a new Hotchkiss Field record of 22 flat for the 220-yards, a new record of 10.8 for the pole vault, and equalled the high jump mark at 5.9. Johnnie Leicht, of Waukegan, Chicago's suburb, shattered long-standing marks in both hurdle events, doing the high sticks in .17, and topping the low timbers in 26.2. As already related in this column, Chicago's George "Whale" Walnoha set marks which may stand forever in the javelin and shot. Illinois is properly proud of its three representatives on the Gallaudet squad. They scored eight firsts and a second in the May 21st meet. In contrast to previous years, when Gallaudet held but one to three track meets, she has been carding weekly affairs, and her name and fame have gone ringing around the Eastern seaboard.

"Deaf lady wins $500!" Sears Roebuck, in its national Coldspot refrigerator contest, awarded third prize of $500 to a deaf lady in Atlanta, Mrs. J. G. Bishop—better known as the Muriel Bishop, who writes a column in The Frat. One of the three judges was "Prudence Penny" (Leona A. Malck), of the Chicago *Herald and Examiner*. First prize went to a Philadelphia lady, second to one in St. Louis.

There does not seem to be much demand for deaf films after all. For months J. Frederick Meagher has been waiting for some local society to contract for the appearance of M. Nowak, of Buffalo; and others, bringing their films. Not a single inquiry from any of Chicago's 60 to 80 deaf organizations. It may be the depression; even Chi-first Frats have suspended, temporarily, their monthly post-meeting filmings. And the idea of a Grand Fraterfilm has found the membership lukewarm. Wonderful weather we are having!

Mrs. Meagher had eight ladies at a dinner to Miss Kate Atwood, on the 19th. Miss Atwood is a hearing blind lady, housemother of the Tuckaway Home in Denver, which cares for twenty-seven orphans—one being a little deaf lad. She is spending two months here, visiting her cousin, Miss Cora Jacoba. Mrs. Meagher's placecards were little dressed dolls, labeled: "Orphan Mabel," "Orphan Cora," and so forth—while Miss Atwood was "Daddy Warbucks," after the comic strip, little Orphan Annie.

Mrs. F. Bradley's granddaughter lost her three-day-old baby by death Sunday morning, May 22d. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the granddaughter.

A number of the Catholic deaf attended mass conducted by Father Cook, with Mr. Jerry McCarthy as altar boy and interpreter, at the C. D. C. house Sunday morning, May 22d. Those staying at the club house spent a social day in conversation, followed by a "500" and bunco party in the evening.

A Chicago daily of May 23d contained the following:—

Two masked bandits armed with knives today broke into the home of Fred Hyman, 6020 South Parkway, and set fire to the apartment when Mrs. Hyman failed to meet their demands for money.

Mrs. Hyman was knocked unconscious by one of the men and left lying in a smoke-filled room. She was rescued by her son, Henry, 22, who was asleep at home when the robbers entered.

Mrs. Hyman was in the basement when the two men "jimmied" a front door. They confronted her, threatening her with knives and forced her to turn over $100 hidden in a dresser drawer. When she protested she had no more cash they piled linens, lingerie and newspapers in the living room and set fire to them.

She screamed and one of the bandits knocked her down. Her scream awakened her son. Flames ruined the interior of the room.

The Wisconsin State school baseball team played the Milwaukee Silents last Saturday and won by a score of 14 to 8. Kuglitch and Panella were the heavy sluggers for the State school, and Lewis and McWilliams for the Silents.

Many friends of Mrs. Nettie Gibney are pleased to know that she has returned to Chicago from Kansas to make her permanent home for the present, her son having secured a job here.

COLORED DEAF

Mr. Howard Brooks, who held the distinction of being the only one of our group in the city to possess an anto, has been compelled on account of its infirmities and the price of upkeep to sell it to the junkman for the price of a large sized juicy sirloin steak. After the consumption he declared he got his money's worth.

There appeared among our group last Saturday night unheralded the popular Mrs. Ethel Long, formerly of our group, but now of the Motor City, (Detroit). Of course her many friends accorded her a most hearty welcome. She departed for home the next evening.

A movement is being launched to restore our old club again which, on account of unemployment depression, etc., was disorganized some time ago.

Last Saturday our group stormed Mrs. Lucille Wilson's new apartment, where the evening was passed most pleasantly. Mrs. Wilson proved to be a most capable hostess and extended a most cordial invitation to "call again."

THIRD FLAT.

NOTICE

Members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League are hereby informed that the club rooms have been destroyed by fire and all records have been lost, therefore you are requested to forward your address at once to the Secretary, so that you will be informed of developments. NATHAN SCHWARTZ, Secretary, 1944 Unionport Road, New York City.

DETROIT

The dramatic play called "Dreams of Fate," was one of best plays ever given by the C. A. D. It was managed by Miss Marion Potts, and Mr. Ferdinand McCarthy directed the play. The stage features, in particular revealed her talents. The characters were as follows:—

Miss Grace, a symbol for love Mrs. Lucy E. May
Patsy, a mischievous imp Miss M. Graf
Slim, a lanky tot Carl Schrieber
Annie, Ben's prey Miss I. Summer
Percy, the teacher's pet J. Tarien
Ben, a rascal E. Johnson
Roy, a pest H. Boynton, Jr.
Elaine, a snob Miss M. Potts

The play was in three parts: "Day in School," "The Dream" and "The Years Rolled By." The door prizes were awarded to Mrs. R. K. Baird and a hearing man. About 150 people attended.

Mrs. Mattie Merrell, of Cleveland, O., has been spending several weeks visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lynch and some of friends. Mrs. Merrell was formerly a Missouri resident.

Harry McSparin, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. McSparin, has a plaster cast on his chest, on account of a broken collar bone from falling down on a rock.

Frank Riedinger, brother of Mr. Christ Rieding, died last Wednesday at his residence in Grassflat, Penna.

Mrs. Irma Ryan entertained about fifteen lady friends at her residence on May 26th. A heavy rainfall did not prevent the guests from coming. Mrs. John Berry won the first prize for "500," and the booby went to Mrs. Wilhlem, Japanese rummy winners were Mrs. Clara Hellers and Mrs. Greenbaum. Ice-cream and cakes were served.

Patrolman Fred E. Ryan, son of Mrs. Irma Ryan, made a plea and won a suspended sentence for Joe Guelfer, Cleveland deaf-mute, charged with failing to halt at a stop street. The usual penalty is a ten-dollar fine. Guelfer, who was visiting relatives, handed a note to Referee A. L. Barkey, asking for an interpreter. Patrolman Ryan, an expert in the sign-language, volunteered. Mr. Ryan's mother is president of the C. A. D. Ladies' Auxiliary.

The Ladies' Service of St. John's Episcopal will arrange the silver wedding anniversary party, in honor of Rev. and Mrs. H. B. Waters, on June 11th, at St. John's Parish House.

Mrs. Mattie Dahm's eldest son, Warren, will leave with a group of mounted patrolman to Illinois, to attend a convention. Then Mr. Warren Moncrieff will be at camp at Grayling, Mich., for several weeks' stay.

Mr. William Gitchell, of Battle Creek, who has been spending several weeks with his friends, has left for his sister's home, and expects to come back soon.

On May 22d, Rev. R. Woodroofee invited all deaf parishioners, about fifty of them, to breakfast at St. John's Parish House after communion at 8 A.M.

Mrs. Fred Homan's sister mourns the sad death of her infant daughter, who was scolded to death by hot soup, spilled over her last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lynch made an auto trip to Port Huron, accompanied by Mrs. Dennis Hannan and Mrs. Merrell, as their guests, and visited their friends there.

Mrs. Elizabeth's Smyth's youngest daughter gave birth to a boy of 9½ pounds on May 22d. She has two girls. They are doing nicely.

Mrs. Irma Ryan and her son drove down to Toledo, O., to visit her sisters and their families on May 8th.

Mr. Thomas Kenney and his wife and Mrs. Allen motored down to Flint, Mich., to attend a surprise party, in honor of Mr. George Tripp's birthday last May 21st.

Mrs. Thomas Allen's only daughter is confined at home with measles. She was exposed from her work in a library.

MRS. LUCY E. MAY.

Washington Lit Society Holds Bicentennial Fete

George Washington's Bicentennial is being widely celebrated with appropriate ceremonies from February 22d to November 24th, and continuous streams of visitors from all corners and remotest parts of the country have been pouring daily into the Nation's beautiful and magnificent capital city, to pay their homage at the shrine of the illustrious Father of His Country at Mount Vernon, Va., sixteen miles distant, flanked several miles long on the romantic and historic Potomac River.

The deaf populace of Washington held a celebration of an elaborate character, sponsored by the Washington National Literary Society of the Deaf, in its spacious and elegant quarters at Northeast Masonic Temple, on the night of May 18th, Commenorating the 200th anniversary ot the birth of George Washington.

An attractive and educational program, enhanced by the beauty of Colonial costumes worn by the participants in the tableaux, was provided after months of preparation by the committee of arrangements in charge of Mr. Gerald Ferguson, chairman, and a corps of efficient assistants, Mr. Albert J. Rose Mr. Hunter S. Edington, Mrs Simon B. Alley and Mrs. Robert Werdig. The program was consisted of:—

1. Grand March.
2. Opening Remarks President A. J. Rose
3. Address: "George Washington, the Man" Prof. F. H. Hughes
4. Colonial Tableaux
5. Colonial Dancing
6. Paul Revere's Ride A. J. Rose
7. A Sonnet on Mount Vernon Mrs. W. W. Duvall

The following impersonations were typical: "General Washington," Mr. Roy J. Stewart; "Mrs. Martha Washington," Mrs. Roy J. Stewart; "General Lafayette," Mr. Gerald Ferguson; "Dolly Madison," Mrs. Gerald Ferguson; "Paul Revere," Mr. Albert J. Rose; "Miss Columbia," Mrs. Margaret Harrison; "Mrs. John Adams," Miss Esther Culverwell; "Miss America," Mrs. Albert J. Rose; "Southern Belle," Mrs. Robert Werdig, and "Southern Planter," Mr. H. S. Edington

When the tableaux was concluded after two hours entertainment, several clever and novel games, such as "Wakefield," "Valley Forge and Crossing the Delaware," "Washington's Farewell Address," "The Father of His Country," "Surrender of Yorktown," "Washington, D. C.," and "Thirteen Colonies," were keenly indulged in by the audience and successful contestants were awarded prizes.

The judges, composing of Prof. Frederick H. Hughes, of Gallaudet College, Mrs. C. Barnes, of New York City, Mrs. C. C. Colby, Miss Mav Koehn, of Junior Class, Gallaudet College, and Mr. W. W. Duvall, had a delicate and difficult task in deciding the winners of costumes which resulted in Mrs. R. J. Stewart, "Martha Washington," and Mr. A. J. Rose, "Paul Revere," receiving the cash prizes.

W. W .D.

Florida Flashes

It is given to but few associations to announce the holding of conventions this summer and adhere to their programs, but the Dixie Association of the Deaf has achieved even more than this. Depression or no depression, the association will meet at St. Augustine for a four days' session beginning July 19th, as announced. Since it is not a state association, the entertainment committee is very hopeful of a large delegation from the Southern states. Chairman Pope leaves no stone unturned to make the convention a big success from an educational and social standpoint.

The largest audience that ever attended a religious service gathered at Tampa on Sunday, May 8th, to pay tribute to motherhood. By actual count forty-two deaf people from Tampa and other points within motoring distance were present, without St. Petersburg augmenting the number. The next service will be conducted at Sarasota in July, the exact date to be announced by mail.

The Silent Bible Class at St. Cloud has seven members enrolled, out of ten deaf residents, two others having gone North for the summer. It is the only class in Florida that keeps open the year round, the one at Gainesville having been suspended until fall. Deaf residents and visitors of all creeds are welcome. The class meets at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sundays at 9:30 A.M.

Leon P. Jones has at last returned to his first love—St. Cloud. At first the assignment was temporary, but so satisfactory were his services as linotype operator and machinist that it became permanent. He has been making bi-monthly trips to Deland to be with his family until early last May, when they were afforded an opportunity to occupy a bungalow during the owner's vacation. Whether his family will return to their country home in DeLand when school opens remains to be seen, but their friends are hoping they will choose to stay in St. Cloud.

The time to celebrate July the Fourth approaches fast, and inquiries have been made recently as to the holding a picnic in Central Florida, where the deaf may travel within motoring distance to enjoy the day with their friends. Last year it was held near Bartow. Shall we have it there again?

Misses Mattie and Julia Carrier, deaf twin sisters, of Johnson City, Tenn., who have been spending the winter with their parents in Lakeland, will return home after attending the Dixie Association of the Deaf convention at St. Augustine.

O. E. Holley has leased additional acreage in Apalachicola to facilitate the planting of 90,000 onions. If so, the saying will have more strength than eloquence. He likes depression because it keeps him busy at all times of the year. C. J. Schmidt, who is his assistant, expects his family to move there from Winter Haven.

George Harmening's car, stolen some time ago, was recovered early last May. He and his wife live on a farm in Dover.

Taking advantage of a lull in shoe repairing business, Lacy Williams is spending the summer with his blind sister in Marianna.

The Gainesville Silent Bible Class will hold no weekly sessions this summer until fall.

F.B.P.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

We are pleased to see Mrs. Fannie Boughton able to be around again after her very painful accident, which she received in a fall down a flight of stairs a few weeks ago. She was all alone at the time, but bravely faced the consequences and dressed her wounds. Fortunately no bones were broken and no internal injuries suffered.

Mrs. Farewell and her son, of Saskatoon, Sask., were in this city lately on their way to their old home in Kingston and were at our church on May 15th, greeting old friends. Mrs. Farewell is the daughter of our old friends, the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert McRae, formerly of Kingston, and we were pleased to meet her again. She is loud in her praise of the magnificent beauty of the new Saskatoon school for the deaf, and its teaching system, under the combined system, the very best and most adept system of any school for the deaf in all Canada.

For the third time we had Mr. Herbert Whealy as our speaker at our service on May 15th, who gave a very deep and impressive sermon exhorting all to show themselves openly to God, for the sin they try to hide from others, cannot be hidden from Him. Mr. Whealy also appealed to all to forget self and under whatever good they can to others. It was too bad his mother was not present to see her son give such a deep, going address, as she was still down at her old home in Frankford.

Since Mrs Fannie Boughton met with her painful accident, her son William and his wife, of Buffalo, have been down to see her several times. Her only daughter, now living in Cornwall, came up on the week-end excursion of May 6th, to see her mother.

A mixed choir, made up of the Misses Esther and Margaret Brown and Doris Breen, and Messrs. John Angus, Roy Bowen, and Charles Davey, rendered a beautiful hymn at our service on May 15th, that was much appreciated.

Messrs F. E. Doyle, Harry E. Grooms, H. W. Roberts and A. C. Shepherd, who were up on their postal laws and regulation examinations a month ago, were recently notified that they all went over the top.

On Saturday, May 7th, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Scott was the scene of a pleasant party given in honor of the recovery of the latter from her recent illness. About two dozen were present, who indulged in games, puzzle solving, card playing, and dancing, and towards a late hour all dispersed after partaking of hearty refreshments. All enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Our weekly Bible Class closed for the summer on May 18th, when the Rev. Dr. D. Ramsay gave a rousing address, admonishing all to keep united in Christ now that the class was going into temporary oblivion. No home was complete unless Christ was in it in every way. Mrs. J. R. Byrne ably interpreted Dr. Ramsay.

As the issue of June 10th, will be an illustrated number—an annual event—your correspondent will take a temporary hodiday and send in no news for that week.

Mrs. David Sours, of Clinton, was down to see her daughter, Mrs. F. E. Doyle, over the week-end of May 14th. We are pleased to say the latter is steadily improving, and hope she will soon be well again.

Quite a number of the deaf here journeyed out to Hamilton on May 14th, and took in the closing social of the Hamilton Literary and Social Club of the Deaf. It was a great success, but no particulars are to hand at this writing. Over a hundred were present from all over the province. Among our friends who went up were the Grooms and Goodall families, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bell, Mrs. Daisy Rooney, the Misses Edna and Gwen Egginton, and others, and all report having had a very fine time.

Several members of our Women's Association and a few others had a house-cleaning bee at our church on May 18th, and a peep into this edifice just now gives you the impression that it surely had a thorough rub-down.

Mrs. Walter Breen, of Hamilton, is at this writing, paying a visit to relatives and old friends in this cty.

Mrs. R. M. Thomas, who has been with us throughout the past winter, has now left for her summer home in Oakville. Mr. Watt, in his remarks after our service on May 15th, referred to her in glowing terms, of her helpfulness and good company she lent us while here, and on behalf of the congregation thanked her for her unselfish devotion and help.

During the recent warm spell Mr. Wesley Scott spent a busy time in his garden and giving the interior of his home a liberal coat of paint and other renovations, and now the beautiful Scott residence on Waverley Road presents a spick and span appearance. As soon as he is over with this work, Mr. Scott proposes taking a week's holiday, and with hook and reel will decamp for some northern lake to try his luck at angling, so look out for a fish story later on.

Mrs. Henry Whealy, who went down to her old home in Frankford to the sick beside of her father and remained until after his subsequent death and funeral, was on the verge of returning when an uncle (brother of her late father) also died suddenly, and so she remained to atend his funeral. At this writing we hear Mrs. Whealy's mother is quite ill, and we sympathize with Mrs. Whealy in her double bereavement and latest anxity.

Since the unemployment situation staggered in this way, several of our deaf friends are now beginning to feel the pinch, with the result that many of their friends deemed it expedient that they should be helped in some form, and many a charity party has been given to brighten up their surroundings. On May 4th, one was held for Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, of Long Branch, at which a liberal supply of the necessities of life were showered upon this couple, though they neither expected nor wanted it in such a way. Again on May 20th, over a score of their friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex McCaul and quietly treated them in the same way. A very pleasant evening was spent in all kinds of fun at each place.

Mr. Samuel Pugsley had hardly been here a couple of weeks after disposing of his belongings at Brigden, that he was suddenly summoned there again, owing to the passing away of his sister, Mrs. William Smith, of that place.

Miss Helen A. Middleton came over from Niagara Falls on May 20th, and called at "Mora Glen," leaving in the evening for her parental home in Shelburne, where she spent the Victoria Day recess very pleasantly.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Averall, of Cookstown, and Mr. Herbert McKenzie, of Aurora, motored through this city while on their way to and from Hamilton, where they attended the big social on May 14th. While in the "Ambitious City," they visited with Mr. McKenzie's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Widdup.

Mrs. Mary Muckle, so dearly beloved by the deaf, as well as a legion of hearing friends, beyond count, was tendered a most pleasant suprsise recently by Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Harris, at her home on St. Patrick Street, as a reminder of her eighty-first birthday; and oh, what a treat it was! It was all the more interesting, for she had not the slightest inkling of what was coming to her, and besides, she had almost forgotten it was her natal day.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris had planned this treat long before, but were very careful in keeping it in the dark until the whole affair exploded in the very way it was wanted.

When all was ready, and at a signal, one by one, the guests began to file in, and grasping her hand warmly, congratulated her with the exclamation, "Many happy returns of the day." Mrs. Muckle suddenly realized she had passed another milestone in her long journey over this life. But still the guests kept coming in, which gave our good friend a never-to-be-forgotten sensation; but finally when she noticed the flood of humanity still flooding in, she became worried because she feared her larder hadn't sufficient victuals to feed all. However, her predicament was seen, and she was appeased when assured that there was hidden away enough to feed a battalion. Mrs. Muckle, who is as much revered and beloved now as she ever was, was the one on whom all eyes were focussed all evening, and throughout was feted with presents and warm words of admiration, and a real good old time was spent by all. Mrs. Frank E. Harris was the leading spirit in putting over this successful event. Long may Mrs. Muckle live to enjoy the blessings of this life and the warm esteem of her countless beloved friends, both deaf and hearing.

CHESLEY CHAT

Mr. and Mrs. James Green attended the meeting in Owen Sound on May 15th, and were pleased to meet many of their old friends.

A very distressing accident befell Mr. John Crerar, elder brother of Mr. Cunningham James Crerar, a short time ago. He was out working for a neighbor, and while in the loft of the garage, in some unaccountable manner, he suddenly fell down an opening and had his left forearm terribly hurt. His relatives brought him home, and for two weeks he was laid up with his arm badly swollen, but we are glad to say that the patient is recovering nicely now.

The Owen Sound Mission reopened for the season on May 15th, with Mr. Charles A. Elliott, of Toronto, speaking. There was a very encouraging turnout, Mr. Herbert and Miss Alma Brown, of Markdale, being among those present.

KITCHENER KNOCKS

Mrs. Maggie Nahrgang, of Haysville, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black on May 15th, and attended the Roberts meeting that afternoon.

Mr. Thomas S. Williams, we are glad to report, has resumed work again after a long lay-off, much to the joy of his family.

Miss Elsie Hudson and her parents took a trip down to Guelph and nearby points to visit old friends, on Sunday, May 15th.

Miss Mary McQueen, of Guelph, turned up smilingly in our midst on May 15th and greeted her many friends right and left at the Roberts service in the afternoon.

On calling at the Hagen home on May 15th, Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, elicited the information that Mrs. William Hagen was still at the Freeport Sanitarium, much the same, but very cheerful.

Many outsiders would, from the general trend of the labor market in this time of rock-bottom depression, surmise that many of our deaf are out of work, but such is almost the reverse. Except for one or two, all are merrily toiling on, some even at full blast.

It was a pleasure to have our young friend, Miss Francis Kenney, of Acton, her many friends here. She and Miss with us on Sundty, May 15th, to meet McQueen, of Guelph, came up together on the bus, and returned on the C. N. R. flier along with Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bassler, of Hesson, motored in to spend Sunday with friends here, and to attend the Roberts meeting in the afternoon. They are looking fine.

The deaf here were so pleased to meet their young friend, Miss Jessie Marshall, who motored in from Arthur to attend Mr. Roberts' service on May 15th. She was accompanied by her smart-looking young mother, her brother, and a friend. Jessie seemed to relish the great pleasure of meeting her many friends again.

Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, came up here on Saturday, May 14th, then left for Galt to spend the night with his brother, Rev. H. L. Roberts, M.A., but returned to this city again next day to conduct our service, at which he gave a good address on our Divine Creator and His wonderful works in the Beginning. There was a good and widely-representative gathering. At the close Mrs. Absolom Martin gracefully rendered a solo.

That erstwhile young chap, Mr. Norman Eickmeyer, came down from Stratford to attend the meeting here on May 15th, and was greeted by his many friends. He reports he is working at full time.

On his way back from Galt, Mr. H. W. Roberts made an hour's stopover at Preston to call on Mrs. Ida Cherry Robertson and was greatly struck by her healthy appearance, after her long and gallant fight against a serious ailment. She is now able to get about in the open spaces. Her latest operation has proven a triumph in surgical science. As all know, Mrs. Robertson was formerly Miss Ida Cherry, and is still a cheery young lady, if her cheery disposition and the cheery reception she gives to all who call on her can be taken as a criterion However, we deeply regret to say that her affectionate mother is still very ill, but when Mr. Roberts called she was somewhat better. Here's hoping she'll pull through.

Miss Francis Kenney, of Acton, in company with her mother and a couple of friends, motored up to the Provincial Reformatory, just east of Guelph, on May 14th, to see the wonderful outdoor horticultural display, especially of tulips and daffodils, which are very carefully cultivated at that institution. The ladies wanted to take home some specimens for transplantation, but were advised to call again in a short time when the plants would be in greater profusion.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Orr motored down to Waterloo on May 14th, where they remained overnight at the latter's parents, who had but recently moved to that city from Breslau. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Orr motored into Kitchener to attend the Roberts meeting, and then spent a very pleasant time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black, before returning to Milverton late that evening. It was a surprise to all to behold how well Mrs. Orr did look on this occasion.

While his train was momentarily waiting at the Acton depot, when enroute to this city on May 14th, Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, stepped off for a brief chat with Miss Francis Kenney of that town. Later on as the train thundeted on towards this city, the good-natured conductor, who must have noticed their conversation in the sigh-language, approached Mr. Roberts and asked him if he knew Mr. James Green, of Chesley. Mr. Roberts said, "O, yes." Then the conductor portrayed hockey playing in a as clever a way as and deaf person could do in the sign-language, that Mr. Roberts readily knew what he meant. "And you are very clever in using the signs," replied Mr. Roberts, with an air of tickled conscience. "Oh," retorted the smiling conductor, "I have often met Mr. Green and other deaf people on my travels, that I now think it is the very best way to converse with them, and I wish I could meet them more often so I could learn more signs." "You're right on the job," replied Mr. Roberts, as the conductor went at his duties.

Mr. Robert Golds and a bunch of his pals went down to Breslau on May 14th to fish in the Nith River. As the day was like a midsummer afternoon, with sizzling temperature, the fish must have been sleeping, for they refused to nibble at the tempting baits, and the boys were somewhat discouraged, but when the shades of evening began to cast their pall, the finny tribe woke up, and before long the boys went home trudging under the burden of a good catch.

While in Galt, Mr. H. W. Roberts called to see his old schoolmate, Mr. Henry Clements, and also Mrs. Willis, whom he found real well, but was real sorry he did not see Mr. Roye Coles or the Pattersons. Mr. Coles boards at the Clements home, but when Mr. Roberts called Roye was out, probably doing his Saturday evening shopping.

Mrs. Maggie Nahrgang, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black on May 15th, still carries on the work left by her late husband of carrying the mail on a rural route out of Haysville, and looking after the school that is located close to her home. She is assisted in the work by one of her sons and youngest daughter. Oldtimers will remember Mrs. Nahrgang as the step-lively Miss Maggie Phillimore, of London, Ont.

When the deaf mission of this city selected Mr. Allan Nahrgang as its chairman it made no mistake, for Allan is a very hustling and obliging chap, attending to the wants of all even to the smallest detail. Speakers who come here by train always find Allan waiting for them at the depot, ready to escort them anywhere they wish to go, and after the service takes them to the finest cafe in town, if they are not invited elsewhere. He's some guy, mind you.

Since Mrs. Hagen was obliged to go to the Freeport Sanitorium for treatment, Mr. William Hagen has had several housekeepers to look after his younger children as well as the household duties, but all have proven to be unsatisfactory, until he obtained the present young maiden, who hails from Listowell. This lady is not only reliable, but also proficient in her work, and so far the Hagen family are more than satisfied.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Nahrgang, who live out near Preston, were in this city on May 15th, to attend the Roberts meeting. They are doing very well on their farm and judging by their looks they are not worrying over the depression or toiling too hard, taking what comes their way with utter abandon.

While enroute home to Toronto, after our meeting here on May 15th, Mr. H. W. Roberts chanced to meet two young ladies, the Misses Tiny Tait, of Kitchener, and Norah Devlin, of Carleton Place, with whom he had a nice chat the rest of the way. Though they are not deaf, they can converse quite freely in our way. Miss Tait said she knew quite a few of the deaf in this city, while Miss Devlin lives just next door to our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hughes, of Carleton Place, from whom she acquired a good knowledge of the sign manual. She also knows Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of the same place, and also Mr. Harold Hall, of Perth, whom she says is a real sport, and a jovial good fellow. These two ladies have met several orally taught pupils of the Belleville school, but say that the Combined System has the advantage over pure oralism by a thousand degrees.

Mrs. Lucille B. Moynihan and Mr. Gordon Meyer were the only deaf of this city who went down and took in the jolly social in Hamilton on May 14th. Gordon returned home the following evening, but Mrs. Moynihan remained over for a few days at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. P. M Adams on King Street East, and while there Mrs. Moynihan fostered a very sociable party on May 20th, in honor of the twenty-fifth silver anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Adams' wedding. This well-known and esteemed couple wer married on May 20th, 1907, in Aberdeen, Scotland. The late Rev. Henry W. Bell, M. A., of the High United Church, tied their nuptial binding, and by a strange coincidence this same minister also baptized Mrs. Adams, who was formerly Miss Annie Margaret Castle, and also baptized their two children, Alestair, now a fine young man of twenty-two, and Dorothy, a lovely young maiden bordering on twenty summers. The Adamses came out to Canada in October, 1921. Mr. Adams had been here eighteen months before his family followed in his wake.

Mrs. Adams won the hearts of the deaf at the social in that city on May 14th, when she donated a two-pound box of Laura Sicords as the prize to the winner of the lucky entrance ticket.

Mrs. Adams, though deaf, is a writer of considerable poetical genius, and her work in this line is often read in the daily papers.

The Adamses posses a wonderful dog that has great talents in various ways, and seems to know his master and mistress are deaf.

When Mrs. Adams was about ten years old, she had an inflammation in her eyes, and gradually became deaf, while Mr. Adams lost his power of hearing at seven years of age, from the effects of an accident—but both are able to talk orally. They are held in high esteem by a legion of friends.

On May 19th, Mrs. Adams took her guest and Mrs. Angus Quick on a visit to the Home for the Blind, and were greatly impressed with what they saw.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Reserved for Ball
BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23
N. F. S. D.
March 18th, 1933
ED. BAUM, *Chairman*

Reserved for
WESTCHESTER DIV. NO. 114
N. F. S. D.
November 12, 1932

Prefer Writing to Finger Spelling

To the JOURNAL:—There must be a great many deaf people all over the country who read those replies to Miss Timberlake's article in the JOURNAL for 14th and 28th—with pride and gratitude that Editor Hodgson and Presi-Smielau of the N. A. D. should be so fearlessly outspoken.

I happen to belong to the League for the Hard of Hearing in a neighboring city. Since last fall, I have been attending the evening class for adults in lip-reading and voice training. This class of some twenty was made up mostly of League members who were always having the most enjoyable social affairs of one kind or another, to which I was always invited. I decided to join, too, and I have been learning a good many things about the Oralists and their national organization, the American Federation of the Hard of Hearing, that I did not know before.

Only three in the class are totally deaf, two elderly ladies and myself, the only ones not interested in the earphones. They really do wonders at lip-reading, and for all my thirty years at it, I do not think I am so very much better than the best of them, who started only three or four years ago. Signs are taboo, of course, but natural signs are very much in evidence just the same. It is almost comic sometimes, but it is intresting to see how they can usually make a sign of motion that just fits the thought or idea intended to be conveyed. (Harold McGrath, in his "Short Autobiography of a Deaf Man," in the *Saturday Evening Post* for April 23d, tells how bids at a bridge game were made: the motion of shovelling, for spades; pointing to one's ring or stick-pin, diamonds; gesture of hitting another with the closed fist, clubs; and indicating the actual organ, for hearts.)

But pads and pencils are in even greater evidence than signs. I have little patience there, and I often say so. If they must depart from lip-reading, why not use finger-spelling, which is cheaper and far more convenient. Not long ago, I put on a little demonstration of the advantages of the finger alphabet, showng that it was exactly the same as writing, letter for letter, minus any tools that must be carried about, which must always be renewed or readjusted, and no accumulation of waste to be disposed of. I showed how it could be far less conspicuous than writing, for talking in public, and showed how it was practically the only way we could talk in the dark. One day, at a luncheon, there was a great deal of writing, and the accumulation of papers had become a positive nuisance. While the others apologized for it, I had the the satisfaction of pointing to the papers and exclaiming, "My argument for finger-spelling!"

They would listen politely and pleasantly, but that is all. And as for their opinion of the several alphabet cards I gave away, I think it might well be summed up by the following little incident which I happened to see. Two of the ladies were talking, by writing. One was writing, and the other while waiting, idly, fingered the contents of her purse, brought out her alphabet card and was closely studying it. The lady who was writing and who by the way had not yet heard of these cards, happened to notice the absorption of the other, and leaned over to see what it was. The other explained about it (orally) and told of that luncheon incident which I have just mentioned. The lady with the pad and pencil, assuming an expression of disdain, said, orally, touching her lips significantly with a finger: "Oh, I'd so much rather read the lips," and *went on writing.!*

WILDEY MEYERS.

Selma, May 7th.

A Grateful Dog—And Polite Too!

The collie dog of this story, which by the way his mistress vouches for, was not only grateful but polite. A great favorite in the town in Kansas where his owner lived, he was permitted to go and come pretty much as he pleased, One night, to the great distress of the lady and her family, he failed to come home. Early next morning, however, he appeared and began to bark vigorously in unusual tones, as if to tell of his adventure.

Later the owner learned the cause of his absence. Workmen had dug a deep trench for laying pipes and for some reason had not sloped either-end of the section and had taken up the long cleated planks by which they had climbed in and out. Evidently the dog had fallen into the excavation in the night, for when the laborers came in the morning they found him frantically trying to leap to the street level.

One of them put a cleated plank in place and by reaching down as far as possible helped the dog to climb to freedom. Once released, the collie started for home, barking joyously; but he had gone only a short distance when he stopped abruptly, like a man who suddenly remembers something, and retraced his steps. He went through the group of men gathered about the excavation, found the one who had helped him out and to the accompaniment of a violently wagging tail, licked his hands. After that he made for home.

There's no cynic like an automobile insurance adjuster.

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National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
301 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Saturdays
Nicholas J. McDermott, Secretary
1567 Broadway Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entertainments

Every third Saturday

April 16—Movies. S. E. Pachter
May 21—Strawberry Fete. C. H. Klein
June 18—Stage Magic. P. J. DiAnno
Aug. 27—Annual Picnic. A. Fogel
Sept. 17—Particulars later.
Oct. 15—Halloween. Edward Baum
Nov. 19—Thanksgiving. B. Friedwald
Dec. 17—Particulars later.

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If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert T. Sumner, 3457 Kingsland Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 962 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y.

Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-thirty. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

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Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members.

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Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S.

English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Irving Blumenthal, President; Louis Cohen, Sec'y, 548 Powell Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City

REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, *Vicar*

Church services every Sunday at 3 P.M. Holy Communion, first Sunday of each month, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Office Hours.—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.

SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

June 11—Gallaudet. Mrs. H. Leibsohn.
October 29—Hallowe'en Party. Miss Avis Allen.
November 26—Free Social. Miss Williams
December 17—Christmas Festival.

MRS. WEISENSTEIN, *Chairman*

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Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month Visitors always welcome.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Joseph Worzel, 1907 Loring Place, Bronx, N. Y. City.

W. A. D. (Westchester Association of the Deaf)

Meets at the "Marlotte" Building, 201 South Third Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Business meetings on every third Friday of each month. Socials and other affairs will be advertised in the JOURNAL. Silent movies 2d and 4th Sunday evening of each month except June, July and August. Out-of-town visitors are welcome to visit the club room.

THE WESTCHESTER DIVISION, No. 114, N. F. S. D., also meets at same place every first Friday of each month.

Information regarding the above can be obtained from Secretary Fred C. Berger, 161 Crosby Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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(Including Refreshments)

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announces their

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on

Saturday, August 6, 1932

(Afternoon and Evening)

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N. F. S. D.
August 27, 1932

Reserved for
Manhattan Div. No. 87
November 26, 1932